

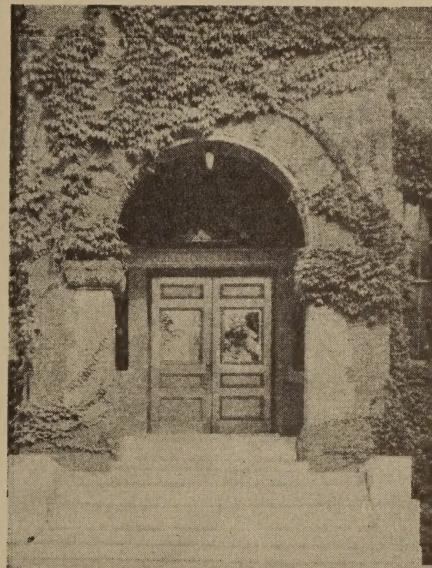
The
Pinkerton
Critic



December, 1937

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-- **Pinkerton** --



DERRY VILLAGE,
N. H.



EDITORIAL



One more year of school is well under way. Everyone is meeting new and different problems every day. Johnnie is learning the various ways of writing essays, and Betty is trying to prove two triangles, congruent. On all sides, we are faced with situations which tax our ingenuity. These small things are all characteristic of the life that we will face in the very near future. Let's prepare for our encounters in life.

Schools offer us self-expression, the greatest of all freedoms, and provide interesting outlets for the expression we like most. As students, we should take part in the planned activities, even if it is merely cheering at a football game. Participate in athletics and build your physical powers as you train your mind.

Social gatherings are also of great importance to everyone. They show the extreme advantage of poise and confidence, as well as give us a view of the habits and actions of our fellow-men. In social activities, we find recreation and well-being, the two things humans must possess to be well balanced and unique.

On his or her training in school, the individual leans heavily in later life, much as the baby bird must depend upon his mother's teachings. Once we drift from the course that we set upon, we are very apt to lose our way and be lost to society. This is the most drastic form of self-robbery known, for the individual loses his opportunity and birth rights.

As we grow older, we humans acquire the faces that we deserve. Don't earn yourself a bad face, but work and capitalize every opportunity, so that you will work up and onward. No football coach ever discouraged one of his charges if he tried, and life is equally just. It gives back what we put in and no more.

Just remember these things as your years of school come and go. Practice them. Laugh with everyone, work with everyone, and in the end, when you step out of school and face life, you'll find people will work with you.

OLD THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS

A new thought for Christmas? Who ever wanted a new thought for Christmas? It is an impertinence even to write about it, a matter which humanity has taken deeply to its heart.

No efficiency expert would dare tell us that Christmas is inefficient; that the clockwork toys will soon be broken; that no one can eat a peppermint cane a yard long; that the curves on our chart of kindness should be evenly distributed throughout the year. No pessimist dare tell us that it is an absurdity to send to a friend in a steam-heated apartment in a repeal

era, a bright little picture card of a gentleman in Georgian costume drinking ale by a roaring fire of logs. None in his senses would emit such sophistries, for Christmas is a law unto itself.

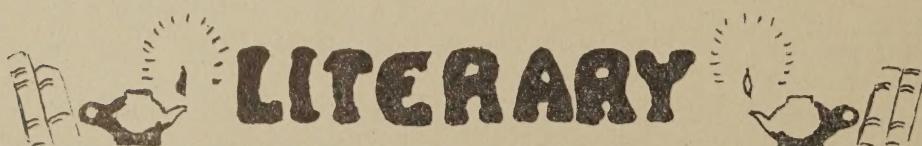
It is the gradual approach to the Great Surprise that lends full savor to the experience. All through November and December we watch it drawing nearer; we see the shop windows begin to glow with red and green and lively colors; we note the altered demeanor of bellboys and janitors as the Date flows quietly toward us; we pass through the perplexity of "Only Four Days More", when we suddenly realize it is too late to make our shopping the display of lucid, affectionate reasoning we had contemplated, and clutch wildly at grotesque tokens—and then sweetest of all comes the quiet calmness of Christmas Eve.

Then while we decorate the tree or carry parcels of tissue paper and red ribbon to a carefully prepared list of aunts and godmothers, or reckon up a little pile of bright quarters on the dining room table in preparation for tomorrow's largesse—then it is that the brief, poignant and precious sweetness of the experience claims us at the full.

Just for a few hours on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day the stupid, harsh mechanism of the world runs down and we permit ourselves to live according to untrammelled common sense, the unconquerable efficiency of good will. How odd it seems! How unnaturally happy we are! We remember the satirist who remarked that to love one's self is the beginning of a life long romance. We know this life long romance will resume its sway; we shall lose our tempers, be obstinate, peevish and cranky. We shall fidget and fume. While waiting our turn in the barber's chair, we shall argue and muddle and mope. And yet, for a few hours, what a happy vision that was!

Humanity must be accorded much for having invented Christmas.

V. P. B.



STRATEGY

"Nertz", remarked my mother calmly in a tone that definitely settled the argument. So I gave up. After all, when Mother takes that "Stonewall Jackson" attitude and actually uses a word like "nertz" there's nothing to do but give up. So I could only go off in a corner and brood.

This particular display of fireworks had been about Dolores, who has been my pet hate for years and years, and, even though I do say so, is an old, snobby so-and-so. You know, the nauseating clingy type who drapes herself around the nearest susceptible male. This time she had patted that peroxide "mop" of hers and had gone Dickie—and in a big way. And Dickie lapped it up—the dumb egg. You'd think she was a mixture of

Madame du Barry (whoever she was) and Joan Crawford the way he wandered around and gazed soulfully at her all the time like an overgrown sheep dog with a stomach-ache.

For me, this was too much. I mean, I'd always considered Dickie my very own personal property, like a pair of slippers or a compact. Then when drippy little Dolores decided she'd like to add my hero to her collection, it began to work on my nerves.

Anyhow, since my birthday was about to sneak up on me to the tune of seventeen, Mother had suggested that I blow the gang—Beezy, May, Hap, Con, and Dickie,—to a camping trip off in the woods.

It's a positively gorgeous camp with woods at the back door and a lake splashing up against the porch steps and a heavenly mountain to climb across the lake. The set-up was simply perfect—not a hitch anywhere. Dickie said that he'd even take us up in his "Flying Jenny."

And now this serpent of a Dolores was horning in! I didn't want her along; the wet blanket would wreck the whole trip. Ugh! I simply sicken at the thought of watching her reel Dickie in like a big fish who doesn't even know he's being caught. So, in despair, I had told Mummy that the whole thing was off.

"Nertz", she replied. And she had won, as usual. She claimed that if I could once get Dolores out of her element into mine, she'd look as out of order as ice-cream and lemonade on a coasting party. The big droop—Dolores, not Mother—was susceptible to poison ivy. I recall that she wore high heels which were just the thing for climbing mountains, and probably wouldn't look so devastating without a background. Yes, on the whole, Mum's plan to use strategy wasn't bad at all, in fact, the longer I thought about it, the better I felt. Here was my chance to show up Dolores. I was humming "I've Gotcha Where I Wancha" as I untangled myself from the porch swing where I'd been comfortably draped while bewailing my bitter lot, and tripped gaily in to call the boy marvel, Dickie, to see if "Flying Jenny", which is what we call his car for no particular reason, would hold together until 5:00 the next morning when we were to wander off into the wilds.

Five o'clock—and a sort of ghostly light outside. I was pouring myself into a dilapidated sweater and skirt outfit and trying to dig a little sleep out of my eyes, when a familiar bleat assailed my ears. I staggered drowsily across the floor, poked my head out the window as far as possible, and told Dickie to please shut up and relax or did he want old Mr. Tompkins after us with a shotgun?

Everyone was decently wedged in the debris that Dickie calls a car—that is, everyone but Dolores. Dickie felt marvelous; I could tell by the way he grated at me, "Get in, bad news, you're holding up progress."

Settling myself beside him with dignity, I shot back, "If you call this thing", indicating "Flying Jenny" with a contemptuous glance, "progress, you're misguided. It looks more to me like the realization of a junk man's dream." Subdued snickers from the back seat. Dickie glowered at me as only he can, and shifted murderously.

Finally we gathered up Dolores; the little pet was asleep when we clattered up, but no human being could stay asleep with "Flying Jenny" practically clambering up the front steps and Dickie howling to "F'gosh sakes, make it snappy!"

Eventually we were off again, Dolores clamped in between Dickie and me. She didn't radiate much glamour; it was too near the middle of the night yet, and besides, the wee sweet thing had a cold that was making her nose run.

So we had to absorb gloomy silence until we ran into camp.

Things began happening as soon as I piled out. Beezy spotted a snake. Poor little Dolores nearly had a nervous breakdown and wrapped herself around Dickie closer than a wet rag, all the while wailing in a squeaky voice to "save" her. The poor fish, he soothed her while we nearly died trying not to howl out loud. It was simply priceless.

I decided we ought to go on a hike. Dickie, somewhat recovered from the snake episode, gently helped his little buttercup over the logs—she kept wobbling on her high heels. Tsk, tsk, I did so enjoy it.

It was noon all at once, with me hot and puffing and pretty nearly starved. I had hauled along enough wienies—I love them burned over a camp fire—for the whole gang, even with the appetite Dickie has. So we sat down and dangled our wienies over the fire.

About twenty minutes had passed when somebody missed Dolores. I don't know who it was—not me, I'm sure. Of course, friend Dickie got all excited and we had to practically knock him down to get him under control. Some brilliant mind told us to spread out and search. The one who located the babe in the woods was to yell—not a football yell, just a yell. Personally, I think we should have gone home just then.

We spread out, the famous bloodhound Dickie dashing off in the lead.

A yelp! We all crashed through the woods to the ghastly sound. What a picture! Nothing but my iron nerve kept me from swooning right off into the brook. There was Dolores—an immense bunch of positively gorgeous poison-ivy leaves clutched in her dainty hands. She looked injured, her nose was running; she must have sat in the brook because she'd lost one shoe, and was plastered with a nice layer of drippy, black, oozy mud. Oh, what a mess! what a mess! She must have bumped her nose; it was growing rapidly.

Sniff, sniff, "I think you're," sniff, "simply horrid, Dickie. Here I nearly kill myself to pick some be-out-ifull leaves for you"—she was beginning to wail—"and now you won't take them".

Out of the jungle behind me came a gasp—somebody had succumbed. Soon there was another. I couldn't hold any longer—I snickered, then collapsed entirely.

Dickie watched in consternation. He looked back at Dolores, a swift glance, but it finished him. Dolores did look so funny. He had been disillusioned already; this was the final touch.

He grinned, then let out a disgusting guffaw. We choked, we chortled; Dolores sobbed louder.

Beezy took Dolores home in "Flying Jenny". She—I mean Dolores—was a wreck. She just couldn't take it.

When they had gone, Dickie and I relaxed beside the camp fire and consumed about ten wienies apiece in utter contentment, pausing only to snicker and pass the mustard.

Esther Crosley '38

"TAKE CASEY FOR INSTANCE — —"

It was approximating 11:30, when Officer Casey of the Radio Patrol, finally hove into sight from the East Side Police Station. As he sauntered over to the curb where the shiny, new, cruising car was parked, there was just a suggestion of a swagger in his gait. Appraisingly, his gaze surveyed the cruiser. In its smooth chromium finish, he caught the reflection of himself—quite imposing, he thought. Nonchalantly, he adjusted his holster and with feigned indifference, examined his gun. Obviously quite satisfied, he got in.

In the mirror, he glimpsed a rear view approach of Mahoney, who patrolled the River-side section. Casey stiffened perceptibly.

"Hello Trooper", he was greeted.

Casey looked at him and was reminded of an English Pit Bull he had once owned.

"Hello"—he muttered a few words parenthetically.

"Nice night, huh?"

"Not bad," Casey conceded.

"Paper said fair and warmer tomorrow."

Silence.

"All alone tonight, Casey?"

"I was," he thought. "Yes, Donavan's sick. Hay fever, I guess." That last was an after thought.

Mahoney looked sympathetic. Idly he peered about and then curiously he glanced at the back seat; he was visibly startled. Swiftly his gaze reverted again to Casey. For a split second, they eyed each other.

Casey, watching him, thought he was on the verge of apoplexy.

"Shure Casey, that's quite an arsenal you got in back!", he indicated the impressively threatening array of shot-guns, pistols, and automatics.

"Say Casey, there's nothing up, is there?—something I ain't heard about, maybe," this last, almost hopefully.

Mahoney offered Casey that ear men have for facts they mean to utilize.

"And how am I to know what you've heard?" Then more condescendingly, "Sure there's something up. Plenty—a wire just came in from Washington." With this parting verbal shot, he quite expertly swung away from the curb, leaving the erratic Mahoney staring after him.

"From Washington," Mahoney's voice approached a quiet scream, "migawd maybe it's from J. Edgar Hoover!"

As Casey sped along, he smiled in spite of himself—anything to escape “Mahoney’s Inquisition.” In principle of course he had lied, but in theory, he had merely avoided the issue. There had been a wire from Washington. Certainly—a wire announcing the annual Policemen’s Convention the following week. And with Mahoney gazing at him expectantly, Casey couldn’t, he told himself, resist that final inference.

Mahoney and he had never cherished any fond illusions between them. “Practically rivals,” Casey reflected. Whenever Mahoney approached him, Casey had always made it a point to withdraw into the abstract, and Mahoney invariably found his attempts at holding up a conversation, practically perpendicular.

In the distance a steeple bell heralded the approach of midnight. Casey stifled a yawn. No time now to be sleepy. Impavidly, he dismissed Mahoney and began to watch the passing scenes.

“A panorama”—he mused. Funny about the quintessence of people. Most of them content themselves with so little—they sleep through the day and at night get up and perform a lot of aimless meandering, and get home in time to greet the milkman, a trifle too exuberantly.”

Casey’s impression of New York was slightly grotesque.

But now take himself for instance. Why, he had literally worked himself up from the bottom. Casey considered himself a self-made man. To begin with he had been a mere house detective, but he had been found sadly lacking in the properties of indiscretion; then two years ago he had joined the force, and now—a cruising officer of the Radio Patrol! In another five years, who knew?—perhaps he’d accept a partnership at Scotland Yards.

Certainly Casey had built Air Castles in Spain; all that remained was to place foundations under them. His was a dream-lined brain.

Casey lived a life of opportunity. Of course if he had been consulted in the matter, he would have chosen to exist in the days when Knighthood flourished and gallant men dashed insanely about on trusty steeds, with the magic of an “Excalibur”, and adorned with shining armor. Reproachfully he looked at the tranquil dignity of his blue serge uniform. Casey’s mind continued its quixotic trend and he visioned himself smitten by the flat of a sword and dubbed henceforth, “Sir Casey.”

At length Sir Casey emerged triumphant from his chimera into the maze of traffic, which led across Brooklyn Bridge.

* * * * *

But somehow, Casey managed to be satisfied with the automatism of the 20th Century. Nightly he was prepared to face untold peril. True, nothing more incentive than the arrest of an inebriated peanut vender, for the disturbance of peace and the return of an inmate to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue, had occurred in the past month.

Casey attempted to console himself. Why he was a “Protectorate of the Proletariat!” This last reflection pleased him immensely. He had read somewhere once, that policemen were actually “public servants”. Casey

more than resented the idea. "Protectorate of the Proletariat," was much better.

"Inspiring," Casey thought.

In fact, Casey suddenly decided, if need be, he was prepared to die for humanity; he would—.

The radio interrupted

"Calling car 39; Calling car 39 — —."

There was perspiration on Casey's brow. Something in the intonation of the nasal monotone of the voice, forewarned him.

He hadn't expected the "untold peril", to confront him so soon. He quite vehemently changed his mind on his noble contribution. He wasn't prepared to die for humanity or any other vain glorious cause! He hadn't joined any Suicide Squadron as yet.

Swiftly he glanced behind and made mental note: "Shotguns, pistols, automatics—Christopher Morley, why hadn't he brought tear gas!!"

Only vaguely did he wonder what the assignment was. Probably "Machine Gun Kelly". Thank God, or Melvin Purvis, they got Dillinger!

"Calling Car 39; Calling Car 39; Car 39; go to corner of West 51st and East 43rd street; West 51st and East 43rd; go to—."

Casey advanced the supposition that the newspapers would make a grand display of it. Trust the Police Gazette. Casey visualized the headlines:—"Officer Casey, Public Hero Number One!"

"Officer Casey of the East Side Force, shot and killed, singled handed, the four Denver desperados terrorizing—."

Vaguely he wondered what time they went to press.

The Police Broadcast, inconsiderately continued.

"Listen closely Car 39; listen closely Car 39; go to Stackpole's Chop House and order apple pie and coffee for the Sergent; apple pie and coffee for the Sergent; that is all—."

* * * * *

Virginia Bloomfield '39

WINTER

The Winter winds get colder,
The skies are turning grey,
The birds are flying southward,
And the children all are gay,
For the soft white snow is flying,
And Christmas is very near.
The fir trees are at their greenest,
At this best time of the year.

Kenneth Senter Jr. '40

CANDLELIGHT

The candle sends forth its cheerful light,
 As I mount the stairs at night.
 And then when in bed I lie,
 Watching the beautiful star-lit sky,
 It makes black shadows on the wall,
 Elephants, tigers, lions, and all.
 And when my head begins to nod,
 I blow the candle and bid "goodnight" to God.

Kenneth Senter Jr. '40

GOD'S NATURE

As I sit on the porch at twilight,
 Watching the shadows fall;
 I think of God and His beauty,
 And always, most of all,
 His Nature, the trees and the flowers,
 The humming-birds so bright.
 The colorful dawn and sunset,
 And the beautiful starry night.

Kenneth Senter Jr. '40

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

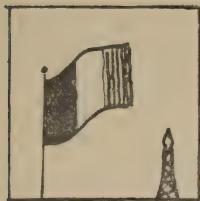
Smile when you are losing,
 Face misfortune with a grin;
 Don't try to hurt another,
 When you lose, just try again.

The world loves a good loser,
 Smile, smile to the end,
 And don't become angry
 At fates peculiar trend.

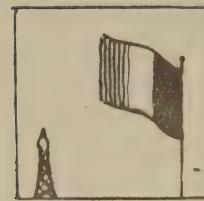
Everyone likes a fellow
 Who, a helping hand will lend,
 For a man who helps another,
 Indeed, is every body's friend.

Smile when you are losing,
 Keep the Golden Rule;
 Be a good sportsman,
 And do your best in School.

Vincent Cassidy Jr. '41



La Voix Francaise



DECOUVRANT LE PASSE

C'est l'an dix-neuf cent, trente sept. Deja! Il me semble impossible. Il n'y a que peu de temps que nous étions ici en école pour la première fois. A ce temps-là l'an dix-neuf cent trente-sept me semblait au loin.

Mais si je pourrais vivre de nouveau ces jours; on s'amusait tant! Les quatres années ont passé si vite. On n'aura jamais des jours si heureux qu'au présent. Nos parents nous ont dit la même chose bien souvent, et c'est vrai.

Maintenant nous n'avons que quelques mois à passer en école. Pour la plupart de nous, il n'y aura plus d'école après notre graduation. Faisons de notre mieux cette année pour la rendre la plus agréable et la plus utile de tous les quatres.

Leona Dumont '38

L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE

L'Arc de Triomphe est un grand et magnifique monument que les Français ont bâti en honneur des gloires nationales de la France. L'Arc est situé au milieu de Paris et depuis dix-neuf cent vingt les légions passent dessous pour faire hommage au "soldat inconnu" qui est enseveli sous l'ombre de l'Arc. Les légions anciennes ont aussi passé dessous. Tous les rois, les princes, les héros et les grands hommes de la France ont passés dessous.

Napoléon Ier décrêta, le dix-huit février dix-huit cent six, qu'un arc de triomphe soit élevé en honneur des armées françaises. Napoléon Ier imitait l'Empereur de Rome en faisant ceci, mais il voulait les surpasser en faisant l'Arc de Triomphe plus grand. L'Arc a cent soixante pieds de hauteur, cent quatre cinq pieds de largeur, soixante-douze pieds d'épaisseur et chaque face du monument est ornée avec des sculptures, groupes, bas-reliefs, médaillons et frises.

L'Arc de Triomphe fut commencé en dix-huit cent six par l'architecte Chalgrin, mais la construction fut interrompue en dix-huit cent quatorze. Louis-Philippe la continua et en dix-huit cent trente-six, elle fut achevée par Blouet. L'Arc de Triomphe conta deux millions de dollars.

Donald Laferriere '38

POURQUOI AVOIR DES SOEURS ET DES FRERES?

Je suis contente que j'ais plusieurs soeurs et plusieurs frères. Beaucoup de fois ils m'ennuient, mais après tout je suis contente que je les aie. Quand il y a plusieurs enfants dans une famille, on doit se passer de beaucoup de choses mais enfin on est récompensé.

Des soeurs et des frères, on peut apprendre, dès les premiers jours, comment s'accorder avec le monde, surtout avec les enfants de son âge. Il faut partager beaucoup de choses que, si on est un seul enfant, on ne devait pas partager. Cela enseigne à un enfant de ne pas être égoïste.

Que je serai vielle et que je n'aurai ni père, ni mère, je serai heureuse d'avoir des frères et des soeurs qui peuvent me rendre visite et si j'ai jamais besoin de quelque chose, mes socurs et mes frères pourront m'aider beaucoup mieux qu'un ami.

Si une fille a de petites soeurs ou des frères, elle doit les soigner pour sa mère. Cela lui donne de l'expérience précieuse plus tard dans sa vie. Un frère plus âgé aussi apprend à garder les petits membres de la famille et d'en être responsable.

Autrefois le plus grand désastre qui pouvait tomber sur une famille était de perdre le nom de la famille. Si la famille a plusieurs membres, il n'y a pas de danger de le perdre.

Si un temps vient quand j'aurai besoin de secours, mes soeurs et mes frères y seront pour m'aider et je les assisterai quand ils en auront besoin.

Je les aurai toujours pour m'accompagner dans la vie.

Leona Dumont '38

LES LIVRES

Le livre que j'aime le mieux est "Gone With the Wind" par Margaret Mitchell.

C'est une histoire de la vie d'une belle dame qui demeure aux Etats-Unis. Son premier ménage est en Alabama où elle aime beaucoup la vie d'une belle méridionale. Elle danse tout le temps, elle chante et elle est bien capable de demander de l'attention.

Puis vient la guerre entre les états du sud et les états du nord. Sa demeure brûle, et sa mère et son père meurent.

Elle s'est mariée trois fois, et elle a trois jeunes fils. Sa vie est pleine, mais elle perd tout ce qu'elle veut à la fin de cette histoire. C'est très bonne.

Une autre histoire que j'aime beaucoup c'est "Mutiny on the Bounty" par Nordhoff et Hall.

C'est l'histoire d'un groupe d'hommes qui voyagent dans le bateau "Bounty." Le capitaine est Monsieur Bligh, qui est très malheureux, cruel et qui n'est pas sympathique. Fletcher Christian, qui est le premier aide, est très bon et pas de tout comme Bligh. Il reste sur l'île de Pitcairn et il met Bligh et les autres dans un petit bateau pour mourir de faim et de soif.

Le capitaine Bligh vient en Angleterre où il cherche Christian pour se venger.

C'est une histoire très réelle et rapide, et pleine d'aventure.

Lois Wilson, '38

ALLONS!

"Allons! Il faut que nous partions immédiatement, si vous voulez voir tout ce qu'on peut voir." C'est mon père qui crie. Nous allons aux montagnes pour une semaine et il est très inquiet et nerveux.

Mon père a fait les emplettes nécessaires pour rester aux montagnes et nous resterons dans une cabine. Ainsi, nous partons. C'est un chemin long à notre cabine et nous sommes fatigués quand nous arrivons. Mais pour voir tout ce que nous avons vu, cela valait la peine. Les arbres sont très beaux parce qu'ils changent de couleur.

Quand nous avons mis nos bagages dans la cabine, nous nous baignons dans le lac qui est près de la cabine. Après cela, nous rentrons dans notre "maison," où nous dinons avec notre père et notre mère.

Le prochain jour nous nous promenons à pied pour cinq kilomètres. Quand nous revenons, le petit déjeuner est prêt et nous le mangeons. Après cela nous organisons un jeu de baseball. Quel jeu! Les hommes et les femmes qui sont pour moi, ils gagnent le jeu!

Ainsi le jour du départ arrive, et il faut que nous partions. A dix heures, nous arrivons chez nous et il nous exige une semaine de repos après nos vacances.

Samuel Gelt '38

MON VIEUX PETE

Ses cheveux sont rudes et inégaux
 Et ses yeux sont tendres et purs,
 Mais on ne trouve jamais un meilleur cheval
 Que mon vieux Pete, j'en suis sûre!
 Il travaille dans les près, jour après jour,
 Laboure la terre et le blé.
 Mais on n'entend jamais une plainte.
 O! cher, vieux Pete, un ami vrai!

Doris Wilson '38

Class Notes

For the Blue! For the White!
 We will honor Truth and Right,
 Fight and Fairness with us stay
 And we'll always lead the way!

'38! '38! '38!

That vivacious group of Seniors is off for another year brimming with activities under the capable leadership of Mr. Conner.

First of all, let us extend our heartiest greetings and warmest welcome to Miss Laura Larmondra, a newcomer to our ranks.

As usual this group showed its efficiency when it chose such a splendid and capable staff of officers:

<i>President</i>	JOHN SCHURMAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	LUCILLE MORRISON
<i>Secretary</i>	EILEEN MORRISON
<i>Treasurer</i>	WILBUR FAY
<i>Members of the Student Council</i>	LEONA DUMONT
	RAYMOND AINSWORTH

September 16, the Seniors journeyed to Angle Pond for the annual Senior Corn Roast. The group sang songs and enjoyed dancing after the corn roast.

The annual Senior Reception to the Freshmen occurred September 24. The Freshmen boys and girls donned charming green and white bonnets at the request of the Sophomores. Music for the occasion was furnished by Ed Harvey and his orchestra.

Both boys and girls have appeared regularly for practice in the various sports and, in consequence, the "Class of '38" is well represented on the varsities.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Ever upward onward go!
To the fight and finish slow,
We're the ones so brave and true
For our banner gold and blue!
"39!" "39!" "39!"

SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN!

Though the class of 1939 has staged no outstanding activity as yet, it is prepared to do so under the capable direction of the officers—for this is the second term for all of them. Looking back through the records we would find that some of them have served three years. Thus we have Frank Patrick O'Neil as president, Theresa Bernier as vice-president, Dorothy Sullivan as secretary, and Edward Dasky as the ever faithful reminder that our class has a treasury.

Welcome! To Phyllis Dickey of Oak Grove Seminary in Vassalboro, Maine, Marilyn Hamilton of White Plains, New York, Eleanor Shackford of the Cambridge Latin School, and Robert Frye of Stearns School in Nashua.

Our girls certainly play an important part in athletics. Six of them fought long and hard enough to be on the hockey varsity.

The title of the Girls' Singles' Tennis Tournament Victor belongs to this promising class of '39—to Freda Gardner.

This is all the news for this bulletin, but read the next issue for future details.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

With some pep, with some cheer,
The Class of 40 was welcomed here.
Here we are—Here we stay
Come on 40—Lead the way.
40! 40! 40!

The opening of the fall term found the Sophomores very active. The first event happened after the school had been in session about a week. The Sophomore girls decorated the Freshman girls with powder, rouge and future dress styles, as their part in the traditional initiation. The Freshman boys were given the customary "ducking."

The next important business was the election of class officers. They were chosen as follows:

President FOSTER BALL
Vice-President VIRGINIA PADDLEFORD

Secretary MARILYN SMITH
Treasurer ROBERT HOLDEN
Representatives to the Student Council KATHRYN FAY
..... BASIL MORIN

Still more action was seen however, as the Sophomore class presented the annual Hallowe'en Party. The big event took place on October 29 and offered a good time to all who attended. Games were played, refreshments served, and dancing was enjoyed with the music furnished by Eddie McQuillian and his Orchestra. Prizes were awarded as follows:

The most impressive costume, Freda Gardner.

Most original, William Ramsden.

Honorable Mention, Howard Bunker, Vincent Cassidy.

In the exciting football game between the Sophomores and the Freshmen, after very good playing on both sides, the hard fighting Sophs were victorious, with a score of 27-7.

It was a game packed full of thrills and both teams were enthusiastically supported by their classmates.

Notation: The Sophomore Class regrets that Virginia Paddleford has left Pinkerton Academy to take up her studies in Boston, Mass. Her position as Vice-President of the class is to be efficiently filled by Ruth Sullivan.



The Rowing Reporter

Park College,
Parkville, Missouri,
November 24, 1937

Greetings to the Critic Staff and to the Students of Pinkerton Academy!

As the Holiday Season approaches I feel more and more strongly that I am a Yankee and a New Englander. I like the bright Autumn colors, the full Harvest Moons and the heavy winter snows. I like the feel of the air after a frost, the ring of skates on ice in the open air and the silence of evergreens laden with snow. These were all so very much a part of my life, these are those things which I took so much for granted and which I now discover cannot be found everywhere.

But instead of telling you what I miss here, perhaps I should speak of the new things I have been discovering which make me realize the great size of our country that heretofore I had hardly visualized. Perhaps the most important and the most interesting to you would be the differences in the people themselves and in their customs.

Human nature is pretty much the same wherever one goes; it is the manner of its expression that is different. A mid-westerner may feel just as exuberant as an easterner but he will not act as foolishly about it; or from the easterner's point of view, not foolishly enough. He takes things very gradually, thinks in terms of space, is much less worried by superficial conventions and seems to have a much larger circle of friends.

Scraps of conversation are usually interesting sources of information. I have had to learn and become used to several new "terms" in the course of my daily schedule. For example:

"Where do you live?"

"Third floor, north-west corner, Chestnut dormitory."

"Where do you sit in Chapel?"

"Pew 6, south."

And driving across Kansas, in the very heart of desolation, at a cane farm:

"Where is your husband?"

He's somewhere south in the field with the cattle." And there in that country where one can stand and look around at the great circle of horizon and see not one tree, not one hill, as if one were in the midst of a sea of gray, dusty earth, she pointed south. The mid-westerner uses north, south, east and west innumerable times each day, and that for one thing is very new to me.

"Do you want in?" "I want off." "Do you want in front of me?" It took me some time to get used to this idiosyncracy of speech, and even now I don't use it myself, nor does it sound proper to me.

"Where is he at?" "It's sure a pretty day." These are two common idioms which you have probably heard already.

The mid-westerner speaks with a decided nasal tone, and pitches his voice a little higher. He emphasizes the pronoun "it." He pronounces the word Tuesday as if it were spelled "Tyousday", the word down like "daown", and seems to stress the vowels much more than we in New England do. Yet he says he likes the New England accent!

I want to congratulate the team on its excellent football season. Pinkerton has now a definite challenge to put before its next year's team.

Good luck to you all!

Gail Clark

Aircraft—1 VMB—1,
Page Field,
Parris Island,
South Carolina,
November 7, 1937

Dear Roving Reporter,

The following experiences may be of interest to some of the readers of your column.

March 28, 1936.

I left Derry during the New England Flood. After being sworn into the U. S. Marine Corps at the Recruiting station in Boston, I sailed from Charlestown on a steamer bound for Savannah, Georgia.

Eight weeks were required to ascertain whether I would make a good Marine or not.

June 23, 1936.

I was sent to the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, N. J. for my first duty. I was there to witness the last seven trips that the "Hindenburg" made to this country. I was called upon to guard the Lady Ashley and Douglas Fairbank's jewels when they arrived on the "Hindenburg".

October 17, 1936

I was transferred to aviation duty at Brown Field, Quantico, Virginia. I started at the bottom by working in the aviation storeroom. It was difficult to work there when I wanted to work on the airplanes, but I knew my time would come.

January 4, 1937

I left Brown Field via train for Norfolk, Virginia, to board the battleship "Wyoming."

January 5, 1937.

I departed from Norfolk via "Wyoming" or part of the Fleet Marine Force, to participate in maneuvers off the island of San Clemente, in the Pacific. After twelve days on the water we reached Colon, Canal Zone. That evening we spent inside the breakwater. The following day we proceeded through the "Panama Canal." Two days were spent viewing the sights of Panama City and Balboa, on the Pacific side of the canal.

Ten days on the Pacific and we steamed into San Diego harbor. Aviation was stationed at North Island. Here we stayed two months living in tents in all the weather California had to offer.

March 6, 1937.

Word came to break camp; we were going home. Some returned by air, others by the U.S.A., therefore I returned via bus. I was well repaid by what I saw on my trip across the country.

March 28, 1937.

Reported back at Brown Field where I went to work in the assembly and repair shop. There was much work to do in overhauling the planes upon their return from maneuvers.

May 1, 1937.

Transferred to the Bombing Squadron. The type of bombers we operate in this Squadron are of the Dive Bombing class. The plane is so constructed that it will withstand the strain placed upon it when diving with a 1000 lb. bomb, reaching a speed of over 300 miles per hour, and be able to pull out of such a dive intact.

The airplane is aimed at the target, much the same as a rifle, while the ship is diving. When the pilot has his sights aligned, he releases the bomb and continues to bring the plane into level flight. During the "pull out" of

the dive, the plane and its occupants weigh many times more than their actual weight—due to the forces of gravity.

The Marine corps was represented at the recent National air races held at Cleveland, Ohio, by Capt. Schilt and his diving Bombers. They demonstrated this type of flying.

Our Skipper, Capt. Schilt, is well known in the Marine Corps. The highest honor, within the power of this nation to give, was presented to Capt. Schilt, April 9, 1928, when he was decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor.

I know that many of you have never heard of this event therefore, I will include this article:

The extraordinary heroism for which Capt. Schilt was so singularly honored took place, January 1928 in Quilali, Nicaragua.

On three successive days, he took his plane from the rough rolling street of the partially burned village, under hostile infantry fire. Each time by almost superhuman skill and personal courage, he succeeded in accomplishing his mission. By these acts, he saved three lives and brought supplies and help to others in desperate need.

This Marine I am proud to say is my Skipper.

Respectfully yours,

Joseph H. Romeiko,
U. S. M. C.

NEW LONDON, New Hampshire
November 30, 1937

Editorial Staff of the Pinkerton Critic,

Derry New Hampshire.

My dear young friends:

When I sat down to glance over the Manchester Union today, I happened to spy a notice concerning Pinkerton doings, and looking at it more closely, I saw that it pertained to the Critic,—in part, at least. So Pinkerton is still publishing a magazine with the same name that it bore when I was a student at Pinkerton. That is jolly to know. It shows that *everything* hasn't changed since those days back yonder. I graduated from Pinkerton Academy in 1913.

I wrote a great many articles that were printed in the Critic while I was a pupil there. In that respect I am sure the school has changed for the better, and that you have a host of better writers to fill your pages, so that anything such as I might have been able to compose, just wouldn't get any show.

Four Goldsmiths attended Pinkerton from Chester between 1907 and 1921. The reason there weren't more was that that was the whole family. My brother George is now located in Riverside, Conn. with his wife and fifteen-year-old son, Robert. I live in New London with my husband, Willis Philbrick, who is a house painter by trade and poultryman on the side. I haven't any children. My sister Eleanor (Mrs. George A. Price) is located in Chicago. She has two

sons, George, Jr. and Randolph, who are eight and nine on their next birthdays. My brother Charles is a mail-carrier, veterinarian, and dairyman and a few other things, in Chester.

Pinkerton has no reason to be especially proud of us four alumni, but we have all kept out of jail.

What I obtained from Pinkerton was all on the serious side. By this, I mean I had little or no social life, and no athletics. I was cramped for money, I lived out-of-town, I was handicapped by an imperfect heart. But I obtained great durable satisfactions from Pinkerton, which still stand me in good stead. I take pleasure today in most of the subjects that I had as a pupil there. I like to read my French and German texts. I enjoy Latin composition now and then, just as an exercise for leisure moments. And how I do enjoy my English classics and the wealth of English poetry which is open to me. The principal line of study which I have developed in these after-years, that doesn't really spring from subjects I took at Pinkerton, is probably the study of religion. And after all, who knows that I should even say that? With the other subjects, however, I distinctly feel the direct line of relationship with my early studies at Pinkerton; and I've no doubt it would be right to say that Pinkerton laid an unseen foundation on which rests my present studies in religion.

My four years at Pinkerton were not just an episode in my life. They were vitally important to me then, and have meant much to me ever since. May your sojourn at Pinkerton store your life with as great a treasure, to be enjoyed and used for years and years to come, as the treasure of my four years there has been to me.

Sincerely yours,

Pearl Goldsmith Philbrick.

Football

1937

On Wednesday, September eighth, a goodly number of hopeful boys were out for football at the Pinkerton Oval, including five football lettermen of previous years who are, Russell Provencher, Wilbur Fay, Richard Durkee, Charles Kachavos and Leon Wells. With these lettermen as a nucleus of a team, Coach Clark completed a squad of eleven men and put them through a difficult routine for several weeks.

Russell Provencher, a varsity "star" for several years, was elected captain of the eleven.

Trying to live up to a standard set by a previous team, is a task that no team likes to accept. It puts players and coaches alike, under a tremendous strain. The way the Pinkerton boys this year accepted this responsibility and strived to reveal their fighting spirit, will always be remembered.

Coach Thomas M. Clark, who has taught the boys to play "heads-up" football as well as how to be good sportsmen, should feel very proud of his accomplishments. They are, undoubtedly, accomplishments worthy of much praise.



1937 FOOTBALL SCORES

Pinkerton	19	Lawrence 2nd	0
Pinkerton	33	Tilton J. V's.	0
Pinkerton	33	Exeter High	6
Pinkerton	7	Methuen High	0
Pinkerton	14	St. Joseph's High	6
Pinkerton	13	Sanborn Seminary	13
<hr/>			<hr/>		
Totals	119	Totals	25

The following are the statistics of Pinkerton's football season for 1937.

The Pinkerton boys played six games, five of which were played against class B schools and the remaining one against a class A opponent. They scored 119 points during the entire season, while their opponents scored 25. In so doing, they won five games and held Sanborn, their greatest rival, to a 13-13 tie and equalled the record set by the 1907 gridiron squad, that won seven games and tied one.

FRIDAY, OCT. 1, 1937

Pinkerton Versus Lawrence "B" Squad

Well folks, here we are on the sidelines of the Pinkerton Oval to witness Pinkerton's opening game of the season with the Lawrence J. V's. The two teams are warming up out there and if you will be patient for a few minutes I will give you the starting line up for Pinkerton.

They seem to be in excellent condition and are showing much spirit as they go through a few plays.

Here is the starting line up as one of the assistants reports it to me.

Starting at R. E. is that quiet but scrappy John Byrnes. "Johnnie" weighs in the vicinity of 150 lbs.

The position of R. T. is held down very efficiently by that fighting veteran, Richard Durkee.

The R. G. station is fully under control of that utility man Charles "Ketchie" Kachavos, who, incidently, hails from that fighting "Ward Five" Gang."

At center is Howard Campbell. "Cammie" is a very quiet chap around the campus and is very seldom seen hurrying, but on the football field, to the disgust of the opponents, he seems to be in on every play.

Starting at L. G. is Harold DiPietro. This is "Pete's" first year as a varsity football player, but from all appearances, he will give a good account of himself before the end of the season.

The L. T. position is being capably filled by that blond boy from the "Happy Hollow" district, Charles Ackerman. "Charlie" is a flashy player on both the defense and offense.

Playing beside Ackerman is that light, fast stepping end, Leo Pieroni. Leo weighs but 138 lbs., but he seems to be much heavier when he gets his man.

Calling signals, we have Leo Latulippe, that 140 lb. fighting red-head. Because of his lightness, he is a very efficient man in the backfield. When it comes to calling signals, Leo may remind you of that fighting Redhead of last year's undefeated team, Harold "Red" Gurly.

In the left half back position, we find Wilbur Fay, who weighs 178 lbs., which makes him the heaviest man on the team. Wilbur was a tackle on last year's undefeated team. He is another one of the "Ward Five" boys. While on the defense, Fay surely frightens the ball carriers when he goes their way. Do you blame them? I doubt very much if you do for he certainly has a specialty of hitting them hard. He is also a very clever man on his feet. Once

he gets started with the ball, it is very hard to stop him. He also fills the quarter back position when necessary.

At R. H. B. we find another "Ward Five" man, Leon Wells. Because he is shifty and speedy, he often deceives the tacklers.

In the F. B. position we find the old stand-by, Capt. Provencher. "Rusty" is Pinkerton's star "punter" this year, as he has been for the last three years. "Rusty," being another heavy man, specializes in line plunging duties with Fay.

Incidentally, Perkins, that 170 lb. R. E. "sub", will probably see a great deal of action this year as well as Herman Hillburg, an excellent guard.

Well, now to proceed with the broadcast of the game. While I was giving you the line-up the captains tossed up and it seems as though Pinkerton won by the way the captain is signifying his desired goal. The two teams are taking their respective positions and there's the kick-off by Lawrence. The boys are going right into the game rather strongly, folks, and they seem to be well matched. Pinkerton kicks. Lawrence is trying hard to break Pinkerton's defense but seem to be unable to do so. There goes the whistle to end a scoreless quarter.

We are now going into the second period and there's the kick-off. Provencher energetically plows through the line for a 15 yd. gain. Fay carries for another first down and there goes Wells through tackle to add another 10 yd. gain. Fay takes it and scores around left end. Listen to that crowd roar, Folks. The score is 6-0 in Pinkerton's favor and there goes the timer's gun to end the first half. The locals surely opened up with a surprising charge of power in that quarter folks, similar to the power of those De Luxe town cars. Let me remind you that this is station XLD brought to you through the courtesy of the makers of the 1938 De Luxe Town cars.

The third quarter is about to start. There's the kick by Lawrence. Pinkerton returns a few yards. It looks as though Pinkerton is too strong for Lawrence because they're certainly gaining rapid yardage down there. Pinkerton is very close to Lawrence's goal, about 6 yds. and Wells scores the second touchdown for Pinkerton. They line up and Fay adds a point via a placement. They line up in their kick-off formation and Pinkerton kicks. But before Lawrence can return it very far Pinkerton is upon the runner. The whistle blows and the quarter ends. (Whistle) Station XLD manipulated by the makers of the best town cars, the De Luxe.

As the teams enter the last quarter they each receive a cheer from their loyal supporters. Pinkerton receives the kick and runs it down for about six yds. Provencher is back. It looks like a pass and it is a pass to Fay who snags it for first down. The huddle. Wells is back and there he goes, hitting that line with all he's got. Pinkerton's ball with 4 yds. to go. Fay carries and he's off for the goal but one of Lawrence's fast men pulls him down on the 6 yd. line. Latulippe takes the ball for a line plunge and scores. The final whistle blows and Pinkerton has won its opening game 19-0.

This is station XLD, managed by the makers of the best De Luxe cars ever made, signing off. Your announcer. I thank you.

October 9, 1937

This afternoon the Pinkerton Panthers journeyed to Exeter, to play the Exeter Academy eleven.

The Exeter team was determined to be revenged for their defeat suffered at the hands of last year's undefeated eleven, but they were again defeated and Pinkerton came home with a 32-6 victory.

October 16, 1937

This afternoon the "Crimson Wave" of Pinkerton completely engulfed the Tilton J. V. eleven which came to Derry Village, N. H. hoping for a victory. The final score was 33-0 and Pinkerton really opened its bag of offensive tricks. The four Pinkerton backs tore through for long gains.

October 23, 1937

Everyone that saw the Pinkerton—Methuen football game this afternoon, really witnessed a close, hard fought gridiron classic. Pinkerton was held to even terms most of the time but finally broke through in the third quarter for a touchdown. Final score 7-0.

October 29, 1937

Under good weather conditions, Pinkerton clashed with the Giant Killers of St. Joseph at Livingstone Park. This class A team was living in high hopes of knocking the Pinkerton eleven off from its perch on a record of eleven straight victories, but under excellent team work and sportsmanship, St. Joseph was defeated to the tune of 14-6.

November 6, 1937

Ladies and gentlemen, through the courtesy of the makers of the DeLuxe Town Cars we are pleased to bring you a thorough account of the football game between those old rivals, Pinkerton Academy and Sanborn Seminary.

The Sanborn team is ready and as the Pinkerton team lines up, after a huddle around Coach Thomas M. Clark, they receive a large ovation.

There goes the whistle and Sanborn receives the ball from Pinkerton on the kick-off. Sanborn does not seem to be having much trouble in gaining yardage and while the Pinkerton eleven is trying to settle down, Sanborn scores on a line plunge by Snow. The greater weight of the Sanborn eleven is showing, but I can promise you that you will see the fight come out of those Pinkerton Panthers as in previous games. When it does, Sanborn will probably have a hard job to stop them.

Pinkerton is unable to get started, and they loose the ball to Sanborn, who fails to score again as the whistle blows, ending the first quarter.

Believe me folks, both teams are playing outstanding football and it would be very hard to predict results.

Pinkerton opens the second quarter with plenty of fight, and after several plays, they score on a beautifully executed lateral from Fay to Provencher. Those two players certainly seem to be clicking this afternoon. The point is blocked. Pinkerton kicks off and after a couple of line plunges, Sanborn scores again on a long run by Pelley. These teams are certainly well matched.

Ladies and gentlemen, Richard Durkee, who was injured during that past quarter, will not be able to play any more during this game.

There goes the whistle and Capt. Provencher is under the ball and runs it back to the thirty-five yard line, where he is brought down by three Sanborn linemen. The Pinkerton eleven lines up in a very snappy manner and as the ball is centered, Provencher drops back. What is this? Yes, it's a pass on the first play in the second half. The Sanborn team is caught unaware and Fay easily chases the pass and goes over for a touchdown! The Pinkerton team again lines up very rapidly and Fay kicks the point, making the score 13-13.

That Pinkerton eleven is certainly showing plenty of life out there, because they have a great deal to fight for. The loss of one of their most valuable players does not seem to weaken them very much, but seems to give them something to fight for.

There's the kick-off and the Sanborn team is stopped in its tracks. They do not seem to be doing very much and they lose the ball to Pinkerton on a fumble after two or three futile attempts to gain through the lines.

There goes the whistle ending the third quarter. The crowd is very enthusiastic over the performance of the Pinkerton team. They have shown a new streak of power during that period, just as the DeLuxe Car shows during its entire career on the road.

We pause just a moment for station identification. "This is station PAC of the Milodia Network."

Well, ladies and gentlemen, we are about to enter the last quarter of this game and from all appearances there will probably be some outstanding playing.

Provencher takes the ball with Fay on two line bucks but they fail to gain any yardage and are forced to kick. The Sanborn player is stopped before he can get very far. Pelley takes the ball on an end run but is stopped by Pinkerton's staunch forward line. That utility man, Kachavos, seems to be in every play.

Sanborn loses the ball to Pinkerton and they start on a surge to their opponent's goal by a good line plunge.

The time's drawing short and I wouldn't be surprised to see Pinkerton start throwing passes. Yes, there goes a pass from Provencher to Fay but it is incomplete. They are lined up again and there goes an end run by Fay. No, it's a pass to Provencher, but that also is knocked down.

The time is drawing short. About enough left for one play. There goes another pass, but it is knocked down; and the whistle blows to end the game. Both teams run toward each other and congratulate each other as they walk off the field together.

Because of the high feeling between these two rival schools, both teams seem pleased with the result, for each team is left undefeated and tied once.

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen and good bye till next year when Station PAC will again bring you the plays by accounts of Pinkerton's Schedule.

Girls' Athletic Notes

Field Hockey

The Field Hockey season opened shortly after school started with Miss Elizabeth Aldrich acting as coach and Ruth Brooks, manager. Fifty-one candidates reported for practise the first day—twelve Seniors, twelve Juniors, eleven Sophomores, and the goodly number of sixteen Freshmen. Enthusiastic girls these were, full of pep, vim, and vigor, and determination filled their hearts to make this a successful hockey season, and so it was.

The class games started on October 9, and the following captains were elected to lead their team:

Class	Captain	Manager
Senior	Mildred Bellavance	Dorothy Chadwick
Junior	Theresa Bernier	Demetra Kachavos
Sophomore	Kathryn Fay	Evelyn Chadwick
Freshman	Mary Kachavos	Barbara Weston

RESULTS OF THE TOURNAMENT

	Games played	Won	Lost	Tied
Seniors	6	6	0	0
Juniors	6	4	2	0
Sophomores	6	1	4	1
Freshmen	6	0	5	1

PINKERTON WINS OVER SANBORN

In a breath taking close game the Pinkerton girl athletes defeated the Sanborn girls with a score of 2-1. The game had hardly started when Doris Wilson raced down the field and scored a goal for Pinkerton. Not to be outdone Schou of Sanborn scored for Sanborn and tied the score 1-1.

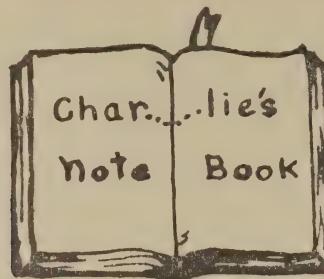
The Pinkerton girls never once lost faith, and in the second half after continuously striking at the goal, Kathryn Fay scored the winning point for Pinkerton. This is the second year that Pinkerton has defeated Sanborn in Field Hockey, and the girls are looking forward to another game with their rivals next year.

The following girls journeyed to Kingston as the varsity squad: Eunice Parshley, Pauline Senecal, Kathryn Fay, Leona Dumont, Theresa Bernier, Louise Pieroni, Mildred Bellavance, Dorothy Chadwick, Demetra Kachavos, Evelyn Chadwick, Doris Wilson, Ruth Bagley, Virginia Woodward, Pearl Bellavance, and Freda Gardner.

TIENNIS TOURNAMENT

Under the supervision of Miss Charlotte Carpenter, a successful tennis tournament was played off this fall.

The final round was played between Louise Pieroni and Freda Gardner. Freda Gardner came out on top, thus being the tennis champion of the girls.



Mr. Gaskill (Giving his class a natural history lecture on Australia): "There is one animal none of you have mentioned. It does not stand upon its legs all the time, or walk like other animals, but takes funny little skips. What is it?"

Some Freshman: "Charlie Chaplin."

Teacher: "What is an alibi?"

Student: "Being somewhere you ain't."

L. Wilson: (Studying music): "What comes after 'g'?"

Crossley (Absently): "Whiz!"

Son: "Father, what are ancestors?"

Father: "Well son, I'm one of yours; your grandfather is another."

Son: "Oh! Then why is it people brag about them?"

Greco: "Historically, my story is incorrect."

Mr. Wheelock: "But hysterically, it's the best you've done."

Provencher: "The engine seems to be missing."

P. Senecal: "Well never mind, Rusty, it doesn't show."

Crossley: "Say something soft and sweet to me."

Wells: "Custard pie."

Beggar: "Have you got enough money for a cup of coffee?"

Freshman: "Oh, I'll manage somehow, thank you."

First Friend: "Mike told me you and Fred had some words."

Second Friend: "I had some, but I didn't get a chance to use them."

Leonel Piper: "That piece you just played was by Mozart, wasn't it?"

Hurdy Gurdy: "No—by A. Handel."

C. Kachavos: "What you say just goes in one ear and out the other."

Mr. Conner: "That's impossible."

C. Kachavos: "Why?"

Mr. Conner: "Sound can't cross a vacuum, you know, old fellow."

A. Duvarney: "I thought you could keep a secret!"

G. Hook: "Well, I kept it for a week. What do you think I am? A cold storage plant?"

Mr. Fay: "I heard a noise when you came in last night."

Young Bill: "Perhaps it was night falling."

Mr. Fay (Coldly): "No it wasn't. It was day breaking."

H. Campbell: "So, Frosh, you said I was a learned jackass, did you?"

V. Cassidy: "No, sir, I merely said that you were a burro of information."

Possible Employer: "Hm! so you want a job, eh? Do you ever tell lies?"

Parshley: "No, sir, but I kin learn."

Professor: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student: "No wonder so many of us flunked our exams!"

Clerk: "Beg your pardon, but what is your name, sir?" the hotel clerk asked.

Guest: "Name!" echoed the indignant guest, who had just signed the register. "Don't you see my signature there?"

Clerk: "Of course," answered the clerk. "That's what aroused my curiosity."

Betty B.: "It's beginning to rain, you'd better stay and I'll cook you some dinner."

Ainsworth (Desperately): "Oh, thanks very much, but it's not raining bad enough for that."

Laferriere: "Would you mind compelling me to move on, officer? I've been waiting on this corner three hours for my girl!"

Mr. Conner: "Why is it that you never get to work on time?"

Bennett: "Well, it's like this. You keep telling me not to watch the clock during school hours, and I get so I don't watch it at home either."

Mother (At the breakfast table): "You ought to use your napkin, Wilfred."

Lee: "I am using it Mother; I've got the dog tied to the table with it."

Johnson: "How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby?"

Bobby: "Well, it's a little too small; she has an awful time getting it off when other fellows call."

Corienne Shea: "I'd like to try on that one over there."

Salesman: "I'm sorry, Madame, but that is the lampshade."

Mr. Harriman: "Boy, will you sell that big string of fish you're carrying?"

Boy: "No, but I'll take your picture holding it for fifty cents."

Baby Brother: "Are caterpillars good to eat?"

Ramsden: "No. What makes you ask questions like that while we're eating?"

Baby Brother: "You had one in your lettuce, but it's gone now."

Disgusted Boss (to rapid and unefficient worker): "Did you ever take pains in doing anything?"

Worker: "Yes, boss, when I married my wife."

Francis: "My train leaves in fifteen minutes. Could you not give me one ray of hope before I leave forever?"

Mary: "Er—that clock is half an hour fast."

Irate Parent: "While you stood at the gate bidding my daughter good night, did it ever dawn upon you—"

Myatt: "Certainly not. I never stayed as late as that."

Parshley: "The nerve of that conductor. He glared at me as if I hadn't paid my fare."

Dumont: "And what did you do?"

Parshley: "I just glared back at him—as if I had!"

Miss Billings: "Now then, we're all ready. Run up the curtain."

Levandowski: "Wot yer talkin' about—'run up the curtain'—think I'm a bloomin' squirrel?"

Pelky: "Who's the fellow who seems to know you?"

Eleanor: "Oh, just a second cousin once removed."

Pelky: "Well, he looks as though he wanted removing again."

Voice (far off): Cuc-Koo! Cuc-Koo! Cuc-Koo!

McKay (camping in woods): "All right, all right! Who's arguing about it?"

Lady (to box office manager): "Can you tell me what they are playing tonight?"

Box Office Manager: "Do You Love Me, Madam."

Lady (indignantly): "Fresh!"

Johnson: "Did your watch stop when it hit the floor?"

Bennett: "Of course. Did you think it would go through?"

Edward: "Doctor, quick, can you do anything for my sickness. The name is Niceijewski!"

MacPherson: "I am sorry, sir, but I don't think I can do anything for that."

The Critic Staff

Wishes you All

A Very Merry Christmas

ALUMNI NOTES

Allgeyer, Edward J. Gas Service Station—Crystal Avenue
Bagley, Norton R. Plymouth Normal
Barrington, Jean L. At Home
Beauchamp, Lorraine A. At Home
Blanchard, Paul R. At Home
Borowski, Walter J. At Home
Boulanger, Clement L. At Home
Clark, Marjorie H. Mrs. Clayton Ross, Mount Pleasant St.
Clark, Martha B. At Home
Clark, Mary A. Park College, Parkville, Mo.
Corliss, Ruth M. Derry Coal & Ice Co.
Cote, Lilla G. At Home
Dalton, Frederick Clerk, Nashua, N. H.
Dalton, Ruth E. Laconia Hospital, Laconia, N. H.
Devine, John T. At Home
Dexter, Roy E. C. C. C., Gorham, N. H.
Dick, Albert H. First National Store
Draper, Frederick A. At Home
Ela, Virginia E. Katherine Gibbs School, Boston, Mass.
Fullonton, Dorothy H. Hollands Dry Cleaners
Garvin, Olive M. At Home
Glidden, Lloyd A. Ford Motors
Grant, Woodrow F. At Home
Gundell, Elizabeth M. Boston, Mass.
Gurley, Harold R. At Home
Hanf, Robert M. At Home
Holm, Marion E. At Home
Howard, Thomas Northeastern University
Hubbard, Jean H. Manchester, N. H.—Beauty Parlor
Johnson, Doris E. Mrs. Edward Holmes—At Home
Keith, Irene B. At Home
Masellis, John A. At Home
McCoy, Norma A. Manchester, N. H.—Margaret's Beauty
School
McGauley, Mary J. Business School, Lawrence
Meakim, Joseph At Home
Mitchell, Rhoda M. Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Morrison, Marion A. University of N. H.

Myatt, Dorothy	At Home
Niciejewski, Stanley T.	At Home
Nute, Bernice R.	At Home
Parker, Lucille A.	At Home
Rider, Evelyn L.	At Home
Riley, Rita E.	At Home
Romeiko, Amelia M.	At Home
Smith, Paul R.	At Home
Smith, William A.	At Home
Spear, Ruth L.	University of N. H.
Stevens, Vaughn O.	University of N. H.
Sweet, Althea E.	Nashua Memorial Hospital
Taintor, Margaret G.	At Home
Tangney, Robert P.	At Home
Torrey, Prescott H.	Merrimack Farmer's Exchange
Warren, Earl F.	Marthshire Farm
Westgate, Geraldine W.	Concord Business School
Young, Peter M.	Hesser's Business School



Exchanges



We are glad to be able to list again the following "Exchanges" for the year 1937-1938. Perhaps in our next issue we may find comments both favorable and unfavorable.

The Enterprise—Keene High School, Keene, N. H.

The Ray—Woodbury High School, Salem, N. H.

The Red and White—Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.

The Netop—Turner Falls High School, Turner Falls, Mass.

Hi-News—Ludlow High School, Ludlow, Mass.

Station E. L. H. S.—Edward Little High School, Lewiston, Me.

Little Red School House—Athol High School, Athol, Mass.

Loudspeaker—Goffstown High School, Goffstown, N. H.

Blue and White—Methuen High School, Methuen, Mass.

Signboard—Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

Aeges—Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

Taconic—Williamstown High School, Williamstown, Mass.

Authentic—Stoneham High School, Stoneham, Mass.

Mercury—Bellows Free Academy, St. Albans, Vermont.

Punch Harder—Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.

Brewster—Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

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The image shows the classic Ford oval logo. The word "Ford" is written in its signature script font inside the oval. To the left of the oval, the word "Sales" is printed in a bold, sans-serif font. To the right of the oval, the word "Service" is also printed in a bold, sans-serif font.



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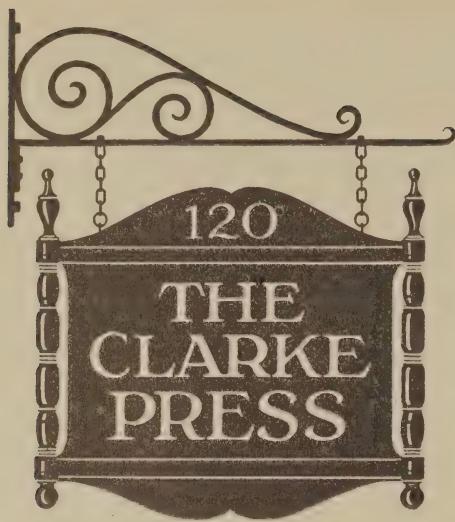
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